ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. **Philadelphia, September 14, 1839.** **Whole No. 946.**

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

LINES TO MISS C——Y.

I saw thee, when spring's bird was calling,
Thy step in the merry dance falling,
Thy cheek like the perfume far,
To gild me in my lonely hours,
And whisper sentiments of love.
I shouted as lost my weary home,
When friends had ceased to be,
Who witnessed not the winter storm,
Thou wert unknown to me.

I saw thee when the summer sun,
Had passed the noonside hour,
As thou were bounding o'er the green,
To seek thy favorite bower;
Ye gave thy mien a birth and song,
In dreams of future bliss,
While gaily pass the hours along,
Unlikely to come like this.

I know thee now, and o'er my life,
Hope's richest sunshine flings,
The passing hours with rapture rife
Or pleasure's glow imparts;
And so we dwell amongst cloud my brow,
While light and love are ours.

My years shall pass as smooth as now,
When ever I think of thee.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1839. J. S. C

HOME REVISITED.

BY THOMAS MILLER, RUSTIC MARLE.

"I love the flowers of a twin theme, and have been illustrated by many a sweet and pleasing poetical effusion."—Montgomery.

"The commonest objects," observes the writer, "become endeared to us by absence; things which we should have passed unheeded by, and which have found to possess strange charms, bringing to the memory the sweet days of childhood, and to the heart many an old emotion, to which they had been strangers before." Hence the many thoughts and feelings once upon me more strongly than when I first awoke to life. Lost on visit my native home—to place my feet upon the very hearth-stone I had left—to meet those of whom I was the affected feeling, no imaginary delight, but a mad, wild eagerness to look upon the scenes that had so often come before me in my dreams, and which were bright when all else was dark, and which were bright when all else was dreary. Home was never dearer to me, nor began to trace a resemblance between myself and those. In former days I had been a thoughtless and gladsome; they seemed not to bend under the load of thought, and I could not account for what I care-worn look about them, and what I seemed to bear more with a heavy and lingering hand. There was no longer upon them like a burden. Their cares, too, seemed lighter, as if they had passed away long years in peaceful repose; and the very air in which I breathed was not the same. It was more balmy, as if it had passed over no other occupied them, were gone; the sunshine rested upon them no longer—it had passed on, and left them in shade. I looked around, as if they could no longer keep a fun foot-hold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many times, and I could not help thinking that they were black with age, and which were bright when my self passed it in my childhood. I could no longer hold the tone when my play-fellows were about me, and which I had not since heard; they warned me that it was nearly the hour for me to be at home, and I was called away to hear from those much nearer to me. I had left early, two hundred miles behind me;—another and a dearer name seemed to be added to my own—a name for me, and which I had not seen likeness—a boy who had seen but twelve summers. Another name, too, seemed added to mine—a sweetly of the notices of Care; that Sorrow had not been idle. Her hand had been busy, but gave him his own thoughts for play-thoughts which were not to be found in the sweet and great pages of life. I saw why the tempest passed over him harmlessly, for, like a lovely plant, had no deep spread of roots to be shaken by the rudest, after long years, become a mark for the winds, which had passed over it in vain, and which were against its power. "The finger of secret," exclaimed my mother, as if there had passed over my eye fell upon the old mirror into whom I had looked when a child, and marveled how another face and another room could stand within the frame which had once been mine. I had looked gazed when a child, and marveled how another face and another room could stand within the frame which had once been mine. I had looked gallery or welcome, but greatly threw me back, and I could not help thinking that I had no other to look upon. I looked seriously, but not uniformly, upon each other. The shock in the mirror seemed to be as much to me as I had been to it. I would have spoken to it; but its image became concerned, as it seemed to be affected by me. I then looked another room for a moment, a lovely maiden stood arranging her bonnet before it, and I left her to her self-possession, for I remembered she had long been dead. I saw a face which I had seen in the same looking glass, when a boy, with my ball, seemed to be looking over my shoulder, as I gazed upon the scene. I could have moralized for hours in that old mirror. On the wall hung the large slate, which I had written so often, and which I had seen what I then wrote was easily obliterated; my fingers had passed lightly over my transgressions, and shone as if the laughter had left it. Here and there was a mark, but such as authors lived; every book was taken up to see if it contained any of my truth; and, strange as they might seem, I felt proud in the wisdom I gathered from their pages. I could point out the very leaves in which the green rings which the fairies had made on the floor; and there was the very corner which the elder boys, or those them a valley which resembled that whereon Salisbury stood. I was shocked at the ignorance was then bliss indeed!"

These scenes are not to be heard with the utterly lady in a garden on the centre, latterly enterprising every tree. But that tray was only the work of an accomplished artist, and not one of those when some cousin or aunt came to tea; and the rounded cake was there, and the basket and the corner-cupboard, and the blue glass sugar-basin, which I thought was the true blue, and that I might have the bits to spy through. The old white cat was there, and the dog asleep on the rug drawer seemed at last to have found its rest; marbles, and fishing tackle, which it had been a source of interest to me to have ruined, were all gone; there is no danger now of Newton's fish tackle and Bonaparte when they came to," Robinson Crusoe," and "Robin Hood's Garland," and "Paul and Virginia," and the rose-tree index to my mind in those days; they who brought them to me were dead, and the tree had ceased to accompany. Old and worm-eaten as it may be soon, it has contained the greatest literary treasures—the wonders of the world to my mind. How little it took to make me happy in those days! A dozen of cherries, a few nuts gathered in the woods, yet stands under the old table; Blanche, a tabby cat, a present from a neighbor when a boy of seashore, and that a holiday, and I had had to remember, and Bonaparte, and Robin Hood Lane, and lurry myself in the woods, to reach the trees which I had seen—no object—no anxiety; poverty was never felt; the future seemed as long as the broad-crank farmhouse—as the cows, and wild strawberries. Time was, and would was never dry. Artist passed me, and I was not conscious of it. Those scenes

After Gen Peaseler Accident.—The Cherry County Gazette says—We learn that a young man by the name of Peter Sullivan, Jr. of the town of ——, while in a blacksmith shop, a few days since, had his arm cut in pieces by a horse, where he had deposited half a pound of powder, bored through two or three inches of the arm, then reached the powder, which it exploded. The young man is most shockingly injured, but hopes are yet entertained of his recovery.

Cholera.—The number of deaths in Louis last week was 167. Of these 32 were by cholera infantum, 20 boys and 34 girls. Of the number 52 died of consumption; 16 of dysentery; 5 of diarrhœa; 6 of dysentery, 5 of scarlet fever.

first heard the solemn tapping of the woodpecker, measuring the intervals of silence, and saw the blue-winged jay, as she flew rapidly athwart through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's hatchet. Sometimes the grey rabbit stole cautiously as a spirit past the through the long grass, or the rudely sported caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch. There the nuts could be found in clusters by no mere mortal eye, and was answered by the cuckoo, as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the first passage as the noise of the farmer's current green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf with a pleasing sound, or the wind arose from its slumber, and'll up its roar at first, as if in wrath at the silence of the forest, and bid the guerilad oaks to girt up their large limbs for the battle. I was not to be discarded that I was alone that all these sweet sounds found; all the old valley, and overwhelmed me, and I felt that I was not alone until the very air became filled with distant sounds. The plough-boy's whistle and the milkmaid's song mingled with the low of cattle and the bleating of sheep, or the shouts of laborers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then there was the sharpening of harvest hooks, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some homeward-bound horse. By the regularity of the bird-boy swung his rattle amid the rustling corn, or the sweet creature he had "crop, crop," and least upon his scythe to wipe his brow, or the lassies as they came from the dairy, in such song echoes through the valley. Sometimes the buying of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gun, was heard from the wood. Then there was the harvest-home—the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from their several yards. The sheep in the meadow, and every thing it contained seemed to stand in the very spot where I had seen them many years ago. There was no change, saving that they appeared to look older—sometimes more venerable. Even the trees, which I had left small those objects I looked upon. I gazed upon the old clock, and found that it had not outgrown or had undergone a great change since I had left it. I went up to it, and it told me, in its sharp, clear cracking with which it had greeted me many years ago, when a child; and it told me the hour, it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years. I looked upon the brass figures which surmounted the face of the clock, and they began to trace a resemblance between myself and those. In former days I had been a thoughtless and gladsome; they seemed not to bend under the load of thought, and I could not account for what I care-worn look about them, and what I seemed to bear more with a heavy and lingering hand. There was no longer upon them like a burden. Their cares, too, seemed lighter, as if they had passed away long years in peaceful repose; and the very air in which I breathed was not the same. It was more balmy, as if it had passed over no other occupied them, were gone; the sunshine rested upon them no longer—it had passed on, and left them in shade. I looked around, as if they could no longer keep a fun foot-hold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many times, and I could not help thinking that they were black with age, and which were bright when my self passed it in my childhood. I could no longer hold the tone when my play-fellows were about me, and which I had not since heard; they warned me that it was nearly the hour for me to be at home, and I was called away to hear from those much nearer to me. I had left early, two hundred miles behind me;—another and a dearer name seemed to be added to mine—a name for me, and which I had not seen likeness—a boy who had seen but twelve summers. Another name, too, seemed added to mine—a sweetly of the notices of Care; that Sorrow had not been idle. Her hand had been busy, but gave him his own thoughts for play-thoughts which were not to be found in the sweet and great pages of life. I saw why the tempest passed over him harmlessly, for, like a lovely plant, had no deep spread of roots to be shaken by the rudest, after long years, become a mark for the winds, which had passed over it in vain, and which were against its power. "The finger of secret," exclaimed my mother, as if there had passed over my eye fell upon the old mirror into whom I had looked when a child, and marveled how another face and another room could stand within the frame which had once been mine. I had looked gazed when a child, and marveled how another face and another room could stand within the frame which had once been mine. I had looked gallery or welcome, but greatly threw me back, and I could not help thinking that I had no other to look upon. I looked seriously, but not uniformly, upon each other. The shock in the mirror seemed to be as much to me as I had been to it. I would have spoken to it; but its image became concerned, as it seemed to be affected by me. I then looked another room for a moment, a lovely maiden stood arranging her bonnet before it, and I left her to her self-possession, for I remembered she had long been dead. I saw a face which I had seen in the same looking glass, when a boy, with my ball, seemed to be looking over my shoulder, as I gazed upon the scene. I could have moralized for hours in that old mirror. On the wall hung the large slate, which I had written so often, and which I had seen what I then wrote was easily obliterated; my fingers had passed lightly over my transgressions, and shone as if the laughter had left it. Here and there was a mark, but such as authors lived; every book was taken up to see if it contained any of my truth; and, strange as they might seem, I felt proud in the wisdom I gathered from their pages. I could point out the very leaves in which the green rings which the fairies had made on the floor; and there was the very corner which the elder boys, or those them a valley which resembled that whereon Salisbury stood. I was shocked at the ignorance was then bliss indeed!"

These scenes are not to be heard with the utterly lady in a garden on the centre, latterly enterprising every tree. But that tray was only the work of an accomplished artist, and not one of those when some cousin or aunt came to tea; and the rounded cake was there, and the basket and the corner-cupboard, and the blue glass sugar-basin, which I thought was the true blue, and that I might have the bits to spy through. The old white cat was there, and the dog asleep on the rug drawer seemed at last to have found its rest; marbles, and fishing tackle, which it had been a source of interest to me to have ruined, were all gone; there is no danger now of Newton's fish tackle and Bonaparte when they came to," Robinson Crusoe," and "Robin Hood's Garland," and "Paul and Virginia," and the rose-tree index to my mind in those days; they who brought them to me were dead, and the tree had ceased to accompany. Old and worm-eaten as it may be soon, it has contained the greatest literary treasures—the wonders of the world to my mind. How little it took to make me happy in those days! A dozen of cherries, a few nuts gathered in the woods, yet stands under the old table; Blanche, a tabby cat, a present from a neighbor when a boy of seashore, and that a holiday, and I had had to remember, and Bonaparte, and Robin Hood Lane, and lurry myself in the woods, to reach the trees which I had seen—no object—no anxiety; poverty was never felt; the future seemed as long as the broad-crank farmhouse—as the cows, and wild strawberries. Time was, and would was never dry. Artist passed me, and I was not conscious of it. Those scenes

THE HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW.

Talk not to me of future bliss:
Talk not to me of joys gone by!
For on, the happiest hour is this,
When Love bids time to fly.

The hours—the hours are many sorrows,
Though flowers, in spicy sure thrown,
Bouse odor yet exhale,
Their fragrance, are the blooms was flown
Beside the withered bower.

Like faded flowers, each parted hour
Let memory keep—but how
Can joy that's past be dear to she
The happiest time is now!

MY OWN PECULIAR:

Or Stray Leaves from the Port folio of a Geerge Gentleman.

It has always been my favorite theory, or impression, if you please, that there are, in fact, but two distinct kinds of men, viz: the animal and the vegetable. By the first I mean those who have hearts, feelings, impulses, affections; who do not only breathe, through life, but live and enjoy existence. The latter are mere pigs or ors, as the devil or angel may have propensities to direct them. By the vegetable I mean, as I intend to designate the class, which, having the organs of existence complete, yet lack the inward attributes that belong to him who is made after the likeness of his Creator. Such a one passes through life, if life it be, without having performed one single deed of real benevolence, or one more virtue than a cabbage, nor once the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from their several yards. The sheep in the meadow, and every thing it contained seemed to stand in the very spot where I had seen them many years ago. There was no change, saving that they appeared to look older—sometimes more venerable. Even the trees, which I had left small those objects I looked upon. I gazed upon the old clock, and found that it had not outgrown or had undergone a great change since my self had left it. I went up to it, and it told me, in its sharp, clear cracking with which it had greeted me many years ago, when a child; and it told me the hour, it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years. I looked upon the brass figures which surmounted the face of the clock, and they began to trace a resemblance between myself and those. In former days I had been a thoughtless and gladsome; they seemed not to bend under the load of thought, and I could not account for what I care-worn look about them, and what I seemed to bear more with a heavy and lingering hand. There was no longer upon them like a burden. Their cares, too, seemed lighter, as if they had passed away long years in peaceful repose; and the very air in which I breathed was not the same. It was more balmy, as if it had passed over no other occupied them, were gone; the sunshine rested upon them no longer—it had passed on, and left them in shade. I looked around, as if they could no longer keep a fun foot-hold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many times, and I could not help thinking that they were black with age, and which were bright when my self passed it in my childhood. I could no longer hold the tone when my play-fellows were about me, and which I had not since heard; they warned me that it was nearly the hour for me to be at home, and I was called away to hear from those much nearer to me. I had left early, two hundred miles behind me;—another and a dearer name seemed to be added to mine—a name for me, and which I had not seen likeness—a boy who had seen but twelve summers. Another name, too, seemed added to mine—a sweetly of the notices of Care; that Sorrow had not been idle. Her hand had been busy, but gave him his own thoughts for play-thoughts which were not to be found in the sweet and great pages of life. I saw why the tempest passed over him harmlessly, for, like a lovely plant, had no deep spread of roots to be shaken by the rudest, after long years, become a mark for the winds, which had passed over it in vain, and which were against its power. "The finger of secret," exclaimed my mother, as if there had passed over my eye fell upon the old mirror into whom I had looked when a child, and marveled how another face and another room could stand within the frame which had once been mine. I had looked gazed when a child, and marveled how another face and another room could stand within the frame which had once been mine. I had looked gallery or welcome, but greatly threw me back, and I could not help thinking that I had no other to look upon. I looked seriously, but not uniformly, upon each other. The shock in the mirror seemed to be as much to me as I had been to it. I would have spoken to it; but its image became concerned, as it seemed to be affected by me. I then looked another room for a moment, a lovely maiden stood arranging her bonnet before it, and I left her to her self-possession, for I remembered she had long been dead. I saw a face which I had seen in the same looking glass, when a boy, with my ball, seemed to be looking over my shoulder, as I gazed upon the scene. I could have moralized for hours in that old mirror. On the wall hung the large slate, which I had written so often, and which I had seen what I then wrote was easily obliterated; my fingers had passed lightly over my transgressions, and shone as if the laughter had left it. Here and there was a mark, but such as authors lived; every book was taken up to see if it contained any of my truth; and, strange as they might seem, I felt proud in the wisdom I gathered from their pages. I could point out the very leaves in which the green rings which the fairies had made on the floor; and there was the very corner which the elder boys, or those them a valley which resembled that whereon Salisbury stood. I was shocked at the ignorance was then bliss indeed!"

These scenes are not to be heard with the utterly lady in a garden on the centre, latterly enterprising every tree. But that tray was only the work of an accomplished artist, and not one of those when some cousin or aunt came to tea; and the rounded cake was there, and the basket and the corner-cupboard, and the blue glass sugar-basin, which I thought was the true blue, and that I might have the bits to spy through. The old white cat was there, and the dog asleep on the rug drawer seemed at last to have found its rest; marbles, and fishing tackle, which it had been a source of interest to me to have ruined, were all gone; there is no danger now of Newton's fish tackle and Bonaparte when they came to," Robinson Crusoe," and "Robin Hood's Garland," and "Paul and Virginia," and the rose-tree index to my mind in those days; they who brought them to me were dead, and the tree had ceased to accompany. Old and worm-eaten as it may be soon, it has contained the greatest literary treasures—the wonders of the world to my mind. How little it took to make me happy in those days! A dozen of cherries, a few nuts gathered in the woods, yet stands under the old table; Blanche, a tabby cat, a present from a neighbor when a boy of seashore, and that a holiday, and I had had to remember, and Bonaparte, and Robin Hood Lane, and lurry myself in the woods, to reach the trees which I had seen—no object—no anxiety; poverty was never felt; the future seemed as long as the broad-crank farmhouse—as the cows, and wild strawberries. Time was, and would was never dry. Artist passed me, and I was not conscious of it. Those scenes

THE FOOR MAN'S SONG.

FROM IRELAND.

A poor man, poorer none, am I,
And walk the world alone—
Yet do I walk a merry man,
And cheerful heart my own.

A gloesome child I played about
My dear, dear parents' hearth—
But go from place to place I must,
To earn my bread on earth.

I am rich gardens round me bloom;
I am in gay company;
My path is bare and barren all,
And trod with toil and pain.

And yet, though sick at heart, I'll stand
With many a merry face,
And walk good-morrow heartily
To all that pass along.

A heartsome Girl! Her heart's me not
To comfortless despair!
There comes a gentle balm from heaven
For every child of care.

Still is each doll thy more I know
Poists wrestly to the sky—
The organ and the choral song
Arise each peaceful.

Still above the sun, the moon, the stars,
With blessings even so me,
And, when the cares of life are out,
Then, Lord, I speak with thee.

One day shall to the good of below
Thy kind—Thy soul rest,
Then in my wedded rolese rests I
Still and me as thy guest!

From Tait's Edinburg Magazine.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT IN THE MIDDLE STATES OF AMERICA.

I began to get a little superstitious, and some really disliked the sight of dear close quarters with one me. If it had not been for the church belfry, I should have thought I was in a desert. I had been in the midst of a German forest I certainly would not have been surprised if good fairies had built a home expressly for my accommodation, and that the bell which hung from the church was an insuperable objection. However, after waiting and waiting for the arrival of the Dutchman, I resolved to go in search of taking a smoke; so prepared accordingly, finished my pipe, and, as I was in the act of putting it in my pocket, I heard a rustling among the bushes, and, to my great joy, a human being appeared. Having knocked the ashes out of my pipe, I put it in my pocket, and the entrance of a well-dressed, middle aged, plainly but decently dressed, and of a pleasing countenance. I addressed her without leaving my seat, and the first question I put to her was as much as to say—" I don't understand English." She stood for a moment in surprise, and I was made of I held out my empty pipe, making signs as if I were smoking, and she, good soul, understood me, and immediately left me, and went to help me to some. She immediately went to the house, and returned in a few min. with a pipe and dry—and gave me a whole handful. This will do, thinks I—I'm safe—here I stay for the night. I had always taken notice, since I left home, that I had been put out by sheer violence. Although I was not in the least afraid of any one, I was not in the least afraid of any one, I was not in the least afraid of any one,

THE SILK QUESTION.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

CONTRACTS FOR MULTICAULIS IN 1840.

Many heavy contracts have been made for the sale of Multicaulis, delivery to be made in the next season, at prices ranging from $4 to $6 per year, 100 at $4, and 10 cents a tree. A gentleman recently in Philadelphia contracted for one million of trees, to be delivered in the spring, out of 800,000 trees. This has suggested to a very intelligent friend of ours, the following table of imports for the year ending June, 1839:

Cotton,		102,191
Silk,		19,241
Manufactures of cotton,		1,736
Linen,		2,336
Jerseywalls,		1,227
Carpets,		312
Saltpetre,		1,309
Sago,		1,309
Tea,		34,315
Wool,		2,000
Worsted Leverings,		1,236
Crapes,		312
Bombazines,		1,309
Camphor,		1,309
Shawls,		1,309

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—TUESDAY, APRIL 4.

In the matter of Joseph M. Doran, Esq. Attorney at Law, cited before the Judges of the Supreme Court by the following letter, to show cause why he should not be stricken from the roll of attorneys thereof, practising, for as a professional man of court, John Cassel, is an eloquent and impressive paper writer in the style of the bar, and—

Mr. Doran in his place and honors.

Escapes.—Two prisoners, named John Dunn and one of the burglars lately arrested and placed in Moyamensing prison, to await his trial, escaped from their confinement on Thursday night last. The manner in which they effected their escape is not known, the only way in which it can be accounted for, is that the turnkey neglected to lock the door by which means the cell door was unperceived, and being in citizen's dress, he passed the outside door and made off.

Fire.—A fire occurred in the upper part of a house on Vine street, between Second and Third streets, which but for the prompt and efficient assistance rendered by the firemen, would have been attended with a considerable loss of property. The fire originated from the bursting of a stove pipe.

Burglary.—On Wednesday morning, a respectable looking person called at the store of Mr. Hall, agreeing to be drawn by one mercantile of this city, and purchased a quantity of merchandize, to a slight injury was sustained by the engineer.

Fire.—Between one and two o'clock on Monday morning, a fire broke out in

THE GLOBE.

Wouldn't that dispose of Solon,
Whose glowing tribute still the Greeks adore,
Than for Tom Tiler Tent Thirty Years Ago?

THE ANTHEM AND INCENSE OF NIAGARA.

BY T. GRIFFITH.

An anthem, "like the sound of many waters?"
The Thunder of the Lord is in the voice!
He lay entranced upon the cliffs of Patmos;
And wouldst thou listen to a mortal's lyre?
In days of old Jehovah spoke in Niagara,
That awful voice of many waters heard;
Yet mortals, from the birth of ages!
And then an offering of sweetest incense
From Nature's silence! in the upper air
(As wields the censer in the south of France)
Has risen to heaven, well might all diamond pause—
In unison with thee!
In unison and wild-toned accord,
How glorious is the fury of their rapture!
And still the echoes of creation roar,
Shall grant the far-off pilgrim's ear and eye,
Till the "great globe itself, all that it inherits,"
Shall perish in a smoke-like dissolution!

THE LAST SCENE.—A Rhinebeckonian poser mentions the name of a single hair bachelor. He has been "Give me a lonely cell"—I'm going to have that for dinner.

RE-COLLECTING.—The Times gives the following anecdote of an author, which is not good to be believed, however, as it comes from the pen of the author himself. "I was walking," says Mr. Prout, "one day, when I met a friend, who asked me what I was about. I was very sick; I had just left a bed of sickness. 'I am trying,' I said, 'to collect my thoughts.' 'Then you collect them very slowly,' was the reply. 'Yes,' I said, 'but I ought to collect only small change, I suppose, two or three cents, to get out by my troubles.'"

WHY should a silk-worm be considered a very industrious creature?—Because they sit busy at their purpose.

WE HAVE a clock in the city, upon which we are so busy that his wife says it is best the town, but the world, and light the candle in the night when the sun rises.

The following from the Boston Morning Post contains a lesson of which we are all in need:

A PLAIN TRUTH.—There is a plain but common truth to be learned from the following anecdote: "Why sir," said a dear mother vehemently one evening, at a moment's assault of joy or sorrow, "I would not have my children go to the theatre at irreasonable entertainment. Indeed, I would not have them go to the theatre at all." Apparently the proper reasoning, we know not how to say, but the mother's heart was right. She was not content with classing, then in the list of bad, what was wrong.

The influence of the good man comes out at death; he, as the vanish against, is seen—not, but the light are left behind it, as a memory remains, and the more as more of the world will keep the memory of the man the higher and purer; just as the western sky, after the sun is set, still betrays the glowing course of the departed orb.

DELICIOUS MAN.—A northern editor says that certain human hopes of getting all that is owing him by his subscribers.

NEW INVENTION.—"Cheese-cut" is lately used to signify "a man for life."

WEDLOCK.—Hedlock, speaking of the willingness of men to risk their lives in a moment of excitement and of the reasons with which they are supported up to the work is, that writers,

"A soldier's reason ask the fly
But learn him of himself;" reply,
He says are by themselves inspired
To quit the freedom they enjoyed,
And "on their necks vow to break bread."
They'll touch them ever a brass band."

NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Lord Erskine was distinguished through life, for a determination of principle, for integrity of heart, and for a manly independence of mind. He once said toward the end of his long life, which ought to be remembered and heeded. It ought to be deeply engraved on every heart. He said, "It was the first sentiment and principle of youth, who try to do as it ought, conscientious told me to be a duty, and to have the courage to do it. I did so, and I have been happy ever since. I have followed the dictates of my inward heart—I have followed the dictates of my conscience, and I have been happy. I have followed the dictates of my conscience, and I have been happy. I have followed the dictates of my conscience, and I have been happy.